UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The League of Nations to Date

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Force versus Ideas

By LEONARD A. PARR

"John Redmond's Last Years"

Reviewed by JAMES WALDO FAWCETT

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXVI THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1920 Number 5

GARMENTS.

Life has taken from us our garments of pleasure,
Merry colors woven well we have laid aside;
But we have put on again the old robe of courage,
Wearing what our fathers wore even till they died.

Lads wear it as the sky wears the flame of morning;
Women wear it; like the dusk it folds their spirits in;
And strong men wear it as the grim, gusty winter
Wears a coat of icy mail in winds screaming thin.

Life has taken away the quaint motley of the jester;
Life has stolen pretty pearls and laces from the queen;
Life has torn the scholar's hood, the veils of the dreamer,
And many a little cloak of joy that kept our beauty clean.

But the old generations have given us their garment
Of the harsh cloth and heavy that man has often worn;
And we have put on again the old robe of courage,
And this shall not be taken; and this shall not be torn!

Current Opinion. —*Marguerite Wilkinson.*

As the campaign progresses, the chances for the League of Nations become beautifully less and less. Mr. Harding, doing his best to hold the balances even between pro-Leaguers and anti-Leaguers in the Republican Party, has inevitably been moved more and more to the left, and seems now definitely committed to the opposition. Governor Cox, taking the cue from his opponent, is all for the League. What chance is there, however, of his election; and even if he were elected, where is he going to find a two-thirds vote of the Senate to ratify his treaty? Furthermore, whatever the outcome of the election, the next session of Congress is the short session, and absolutely in the control therefore of the "irreconcilables." Under no conditions is there hope of action until after the fourth of March next; and by that time we venture to prophesy that the League of Nations will be an even deader proposition, if this be possible, than it is today. For ourselves, we are prepared to offer a new definition of an optimist. An optimist, say we, is a man who believes that the United States will ultimately enter the League, or that there will ultimately be any League to enter!

The establishment of peace between Poland and Soviet Russia is the most important piece of news which the world has had since Armistice Day. For the moment, the danger spot of a new world cataclysm was on the battlefield between these two contending nations. To be sure, danger spots exist everywhere today, but it is a relief to have this one at least temporarily removed. Friends of Poland see in the conditions of peace a great victory for the Poles, for they obtained territory which is far to the east of the line laid down by the Versailles Peace Conference. Friends of the Bolsheviki, on the other hand, see a great victory for Russia, for the terms agreed upon fall far short of what the Poles were seeking when their disastrous militaristic adventure was at the flood last summer. What is important, however, from the standpoint not only of Poland and Russia but of the world at large, is not the question of what has been won or lost in war, but the simple fact of peace. Poland is a desert of misery; she cannot hope to survive unless her energy is speedily transferred to the constructive enterprises of peace. The Soviets, on the other hand, are in no less dire condition of distress. For two years now the Bolsheviki have needed peace and have sought peace with a tenacity which has won the admiration of all fair minded persons. Persistently, however, they have been beset by reactionary enemies, now on one front, and now on another, and now on all fronts together. The result has been not only danger to the continuance of the great communistic experiment there under way, but the inevitable corruption of this experiment by the ruinous influences of militarism. There now remains but one obstacle to peace in Russia and that is General Wrangel. It is to be hoped that he will soon be disposed of. Then, with war at an end, trade relations re-established, and the Soviet government free to do its work, we shall have opportunity for the first time to judge the Bolsheviki aright. More important still will be the long postponed release of the Russian people from the vast misery of the last two years. We are of the sober opinion that the horror of Russia, perpetrated by the victorious Allies, will come in time to be recognized as a crime greater than any committed by Germany during the Great War.

It is interesting news that the War Plans Division of the General Staff has just completed for Secretary Baker a survey of the army posts and cantonments in the country, to ascertain what changes if any would be required to adapt them (1) to a system of universal military training, and (2) to the care of an army of 7,000,000 men. The report embodying the recommendations of the Division will be ready for Congress when it assembles for the short session in December. This is a part of the renewed campaign, we take it, for the adoption of universal military training. That organizations such as the National Security League and the American Defense Society should be pushing this campaign is only natural, but

it is a melancholy sight to see the Wilson administration prostituted to such ends. But Mr. Baker, once a pacifist, has long since become the willing tool of the militarists, and his sole ambition now seems to be a "war-minister" in the worst sense of that hideous phrase. Meanwhile the people of the country have still the power to defeat the conspiracies of militarism in the future, as they have done so in the past. The worst danger is that in this administration so notably opposed to secrecy, the people will not know what is going on, and thus be helpless to act in time. So far as UNITY can do so, it will keep its readers informed.

We dislike to keep harping on the same old string of the evils of war; but so insidious are the so-called "glories of war," so irrisistible the tendency to yield to its enticements in moments of popular excitement, so certain its exaltation when its horror is once upon us, that we feel under obligation to record every evidence of its utterly demoralizing influence. Just now comes testimony of the shiftlessness, laziness, indifference, engendered in men by army discipline and war experience. If the instance of England is reliable, the soldier is a bad worker. Everywhere in the British Isles—from banks, shipping houses, department stores, mercantile establishments—comes the same report that the soldier is "no good," that he is not "putting his back into it." Nor is there hesitation, now Germany is safely beaten, to point out the reason for this demoralization of English manhood.

> In war time all these men were forbidden to think for themselves. Initiative was a crime. They got into the habit of waiting for orders. This method, transferred to commerce, is fatal. However, for five years it was ingrained into the men, and they are not going to outgrow it all of a sudden.

We respectfully commend this testimony to the advocates in this country of universal military training, who commend this system on the ground not only of preparedness for days of war, but also of sound discipline in days of peace. Military training, for whatever purpose, and under whatever conditions, is demoralizing utterly. This country must have nothing of it.

There has just been laid upon our desk the July 15th issue of *Industry*, "a semi-monthly interpretation of industrial progress," which contains the most remarkable attack upon the late lamented Interchurch Movement which we have yet seen. The gist of this indictment is to be found in the statement that

> the Interchurch World Movement, directed by some of the greatest leaders in religious America, having inaugurated a stupendous activity for the restoration of Christianity, and having appealed for aid in this noble cause, committed the incredible error of entangling the movement with radical industrialism.

The evidence for this monstrous crime is found in such facts as the following—(1) that "the Movement planned, as an important part of its activities, an intensive survey of industrial relationships," a field into which the church is presumably not supposed to enter; that it organized to this end an Industrial Relations Department, and held conferences and public meetings at which unusual statements were in support of the cause of labor; that, in the furtherance of the work of this Department the Movement adopted "the entire social creed of the Federal Council of Churches . . . including the principle of the right of all to organize and adequate representation of labor in the control of industry," and in general was influenced by the "radical spirit" of the Federal Council; that it placed certain details of the work of the Industrial Relations Department in charge of Mr. Robert W. Bruere, "an apologist for the I. W. W."; that it investigated the Steel Strike of 1919, and employed as investigators George Soule and Philip Littel, of the *New Republic* staff, and David J. Saposs, "a professional social service worker"; and lastly that, in all its work, there was connection with Prof. Harry F. Ward, of the Union Theological Seminary, known for his "amazing and incredible radicalism." In specifying these charges, it is to be noted that *Industry* names those very things which are most to the credit of the Interchurch World Movement. Were these, it asks, "a reason for its failure"? We think not! On the contrary, it was this very determination of the Movement in its early days to interpret Christianity in social terms, and apply its ideals with rigor to existing social conditions, which did most to stir public sentiment in its support and to establish promise of a true revival of the churches. It was only when the Movement became frightened by just such attacks as this of *Industry*, and went over bag and baggage to the reactionaries, that its prospects were jeopardized and at last wholly wrecked.

Our friend, Newell Dwight Hillis, is all wrought up over the charge that the churches are dead or dying. In a recent issue of the Brooklyn *Eagle* (October 4th), he takes three perfectly good columns of newspaper print to demonstrate that they are in as healthy a condition as ever. He labors with a desperate case, as is shown by the fact that he lets loose the usual flow of rhetoric about the past achievements of Christianity, quotes the usual figures of the number of Bibles published by the Bible societies and the number of converts made by the missionaries, and ends up with the usual deliberate confusion between the church and religion. That the friends of the church should invariably resort to this device of defending the church by vindicating religion, is understandable enough. They know perfectly well, as we all do, that religion is an "everlasting reality," and must ever play a momentous part in the determination of human destiny. But where is the evidence, if you please, that the

church and religion are identical, that the institution and the spirit are one and the same thing? As a matter of fact, the church is as transient as religion itself is eternal. The history of religion is nothing other than the story of the casting aside of one church after another, as religion has expanded in power and elevation of spirit. Like "the chambered nautilus," religion is ever building itself "more stately mansions," and by the same token leaving behind its "outgrown shell." It is this process of growth which is indicated by the statement that the churches today are dead. We are living in an age like that of the Protestant Reformation, when religion has mounted to a new stage of development. This means inevitably the sloughing off of the old churches, and the building of new to take their places. The present churches are dying, only that new and greater churches may live.

It is amusing to find the evolution controversy breaking out in England again more than sixty years after the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species." It seems that some weeks ago, at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Canon E. W. Barnes, a fellow of the Royal Society as well as a churchman, preached a sermon in which he declared that science has shown that human beings existed on the earth more than 100,000 years ago, and that the inevitable acceptance of evolution means the surrender of belief in the fall of man and in all the theology built upon the fall. Anything more commonplace than this it would be difficult to imagine, and yet, lo and behold, the brickbats of controversy are flying about the learned Canon exactly as they did in the glorious old days of Huxley and Spencer. It is to the Canon's credit that he has stuck by his guns; "the fall," he says, "is not vital to Christian theology." But what shall we say of a church whose ministers and laymen are not willing to accept without question this basic truism of modern biological science? It is late in the day to debate evolution. A church which is not willing to adapt its theology to the verified conclusions of present-day scholarship, can have no claim to the allegiance of men. It is unfaithful to truth, and therefore unfaithful to religion.

The League of Nations to Date

The prominence of the League of Nations issue in current political discussion makes it regrettable that there is so much confusion in the public mind as to just what this issue involves. Most people seem to assume, as President Wilson and his partisans deliberately insist, that the League of Nations established at Versailles is identical with that league of nations for international order and peace which has been the dream of prophets for ages past, and which came conspicuously to the fore during the Great War as the end and aim of the conflict against Germany. As a matter of fact, however, the existing League of Nations is nothing of the sort. It has the magic of the name; and this magic is deceiving millions of people, including intelligent leaders of opinion who ought to know better, into the belief that with the name they have the substance also. But the Covenant of the League was formulated for purposes wholly different from those cherished by idealists throughout the War, and if ever really put into effect will deliver mankind not to peace but to the fears and antagonisms of a new militaristic tyranny. The story of the League of Nations to date, will show what we mean.

I. At the heart of all the idealism that was projected into the Great War by the common people who bore its burdens and suffered its ills, was the hope that this War could be made to be "the war to end war." The agency to accomplish this noble purpose was obviously a league or union of the nations of the earth, something after the pattern of the United States of America, which should have for its object the outlawry of war, the codification of international law, and the establishment and maintenance of an international government for the vindication of this law. More and more, as the War progressed toward final victory, did this idea of a league become transcendent in the minds of the Allies. What was originally a vague hope or dream, was suddenly made articulate by unselfish statesmen like Sir Robert Cecil, General Smuts and President Wilson. The idea attained its zenith of popular acclaim, when Woodrow Wilson set sail for Paris, after the surrender of German arms, with the declared resolve of writing the league of nations into the terms of peace in such fashion that war would be forevermore impossible, and the millions of gallant youths, who had given their lives in the struggle just closed, should not have died in vain.

II. The second chapter of the story might well be entitled "The Great Betrayal at Versailles." Never were such high endeavors engaged in any conference of men and nations, as those which were engaged at the Quai D'Orsey; never, on the other hand, were high endeavors of any kind, so grossly betrayed, under so base a camouflage of virtue. The kiss of Judas is the only thing with which to compare the action of the men who wrote the treaty with Germany; and Judas had the grace to go and hang himself after the crime was done!

As regards the league of nations issue at Versailles, Premier Clemenceau was from the beginning the central figure and the decisive influence. Like the serpent in Eden, he ruined the dream of paradise. It was known, of course, before the Peace Conference assembled, that this wily statesman had no belief in, or desire for any form of international organization.

His law had always been the tiger's "law of tooth and claw"; and now that he had Germany down, he proposed to drink deep of her blood, and make the European jungle fear henceforth the power of his ferocious might. That there might be no doubt upon this point, it will be remembered that, before the Peace Conference assembled, and while President Wilson was preaching his ideals to vast and enthusiastic throngs in England, Clemenceau made a sensational speech, in which he scoffed at the idea of a league of nations and declared that now, as in the past, France would put her trust in an armed alliance of great military powers. The two dominant figures at the Conference were thus opposed to one another on the one supreme issue of the hour; and all the world waited with bated breath for the outcome of the duel between them.

For a time, after the assembling of the Peace Conference nothing happened. Then came the astounding news that the French Premier had been won over to the league of nations idea, and was giving it his support. At the moment, it seemed as though President Wilson had achieved a tremendous victory. Now that the work of the Conference is published, however, and many of its secrets revealed, we know that it was Clemenceau who bore away the laurel crown of triumph. In accordance with the best traditions of European statescraft, and with a cunning unrivalled by either Richelieu or Tallyrand, the Frenchman gave to his American colleague the shadow, and himself carried off the substance. He was perfectly willing that Mr. Wilson should play with the shells, provided that he was allowed to devour the oyster!

What had actually happened was this! Clemenceau, utterly cynical in his attitude toward all the ideals which had kept the hearts of the Allies alive through four years of indescribable anxiety, took his seat at the peace table with the two-fold idea of destroying Germany, and of guaranteeing France's safety as a nation by making her the supreme military power upon the continent of Europe. He knew France well enough to know that, by herself, she was too weak in material and human resources to maintain for long this position of supremacy. He knew European history well enough to know that the kind of peace which he wanted to achieve, was essentially unstable, and must be supported from without if it was to survive. What was needed in both cases was an armed alliance, a new balance of power, composed of the nations victorious in the war against Germany. And with such an alliance, utterly pragmatic in its concept and purpose, the whole idea of a league of nations, with its fol-de-rol of courts and codes of law and disarmament agreements, was of course absolutely irreconcilable. It is probable that, in the beginning, Clemenceau was resolved to fight Wilson to the death, and drive him from the Conference, if necessary, defeated and humiliated.

Then came the change—determined, as we now know, by a sudden and happy thought which came to Clemenceau. He wanted, must have, a great military alliance for the carrying out of the terms of the peace treaty which he proposed to write. *Why not make this talked-of league of nations such an alliance?* It made little matter, after all, what it was called! Perhaps it would be a good thing, in view of the state of the popular mind in all countries, to have the deliberate creation of a new militarism, as the fruit of a "war to end war," safely hidden behind a high-sounding phrase and a sentimental idea. But would Wilson and his confrères accept the deception? Could they be made to be satisfied with a mere name, while the reality as a matter of fact was all that they most despised and feared? Here was a great chance for the wiles, of which the French premier had so long been master. We may well imagine that he entered upon the task of betrayal with relish—and the success which he achieved must have made him purr as purrs the tiger when he has devoured the antelope.

For he *did* succeed! The League of Nations was established, but it was a league of nations in name only. The Covenant contained nothing that was essential to the new order of international life of which the prophets and peoples of the world had been dreaming so many years. It attempted no outlawry of war, provided no means for codifying and extending international law, reduced the crucial project of disarmament to the expression of a pious wish, made its international court the mere shadow of a gesture, and left unimpaired the selfish nationalism which had wrecked the world and was ready to wreck it again whenever interest could be served. On the other hand, the Covenant contained much that was essential to the old order of armed alliances, and this was utterly antagonistic to the proposed new order of a united humanity. Thus it elevated into a position of absolute supremacy the five great military conquerors of the Central Empires, bound these powers inextricably together by the old diplomatic device of common agreement being necessary for common action, sanctified and extended the old imperialism by the arch hypocrisy of the system of mandatories, and (irony of ironies!) by the adoption of the famous Article X made war obligatory upon a league supposedly organized for purposes of peace. The whole thing became perfectly clear when examined in connection with the Treaty with which it was so closely interwoven. This Treaty, written in open and cynical violation of the terms of the Armistice, is one of the most cruel and dishonest documents in modern history. It is one vast rape of Europe. One must return to the outrages visited by Rome upon Carthage to find any parallel to its abominations. Such a Treaty must, of course, have behind it a vast conspiracy of military power, to enforce and perpetrate conditions

made essentially unstable by their own iniquity. Such a conspiracy, as we have seen, is the League of Nations. *The New Republic* described it accurately, in its issue of July 7th, when it said that "the promised League of Peace turned out to be essentially an alliance of conquerors to safeguard the spoils."

III. The third chapter of our story concerns the outrageous campaign of the Paris peace-makers to persuade the peoples of the world to accept the goldbrick of the League Covenant as honest metal. This campaign was blocked and defeated in America. One may question, with much good reason, the motives involved in the long fight of the United State Senate against Woodrow Wilson. We ourselves believe that in many cases these motives were either meanly personal and political, or selfishly narrow and nationalistic. Nevertheless, there were some senators who saw and exposed the truth; and it was thanks to these that the battle was lifted on to high planes of thought and feeling, and the gigantic conspiracy of Paris, conceived by Clemenceau and apologized for by Woodrow Wilson, revealed as the monstrous thing it really was. Especially was it made manifest by this unselfish opposition, that hostility to the League of Nations was by no means inconsistent with utter devotion to the idea of a league of nations. Never has the magic of a name been so potently revealed as in this long battle over the Covenant. Robbed of every other argument for their cause, the advocates of the League of Nations have agreed upon insisting that the League is in reality a league just because it is called so; and therewith, by this specious falsehood, have attempted to prove that persons opposed to the League are for that reason opposed to any international organization whatsoever. We now know, of course, that just the opposite is the case. We oppose the League of Nations for the very reason that it is *not* a league of nations. The name is a misnomer—a confession of ignorance where it is not an attempt at deception. The League, unlike any true league, makes for war, and not for peace, it perpetuates instead of ending militarism, it imposes upon mankind not freedom but a new tyranny of arms. To destroy this League is the first thing to be done in the interests of a genuine league. And in spite of all the noise and clamor of the present presidential campaign, this thing has been done for good and all by the refusal of America to be a party to the foul transaction.

IV. "Last scene of all"—the Supreme Council! The failure of the League of Nations was a bitter disappointment to the imperialists of France, Italy and England, who had fashioned it, and baptized it with a holy name, for their own fell purposes. Something must obviously be done, for the Treaty in itself was so dreadful a thing that it could never be enforced save by tyranny. And what better thing could be done than to continue, on one specious plea after another, the organization of the disbanded Peace Conference? It is this which we now have in the Supreme Council—a military oligarchy of three or four men, utterly irresponsible in character, which rules the affairs of Europe by the sheer power of arms achieved by the victory of Foch. This is the "freedom" which the long battle against Germany has brought us! This is the peace which has been won—the civilization which has been saved! Above all, this is the pattern of the yoke which would have been forced permanently upon the race had the League of Nations been adopted. The defeat of the Covenant has for the moment perhaps achieved little. But this at least it has done!—it has saved us longer from hypocrisy. The shame of the Allies, embodied in the Supreme Council, is an open and not a hidden thing.

Such is the story of the League of Nations to date! In the light of such a story, it is obvious that the League, as an issue in the present political campaign, is a galvanized corpse. It makes little difference now whether the Covenant is accepted or not, with or without reservations. For the League is dead—it will never function. The demands of this present moment penetrate much deeper, and uncover much more drastic issues involved than the ratification on any terms of the Paris document. Three vital things remain to be done by us today:

(1) The Supreme Council must be destroyed. English liberalism has already voiced this demand, as witness Mr. A. G. Gardiner's clarion call in the London *Daily News*. The Council he declares to be "a menace to the world . . . the most dangerous absolutism on record." It "must be kicked away," he says, "before Europe can rise." The United States can contribute effectively to this end by declining to recognize the actions of the Council.

(2) The governments of the Allied countries, as Keynes has definitely stated, must be overthrown and superseded by true liberal or radical governments. This has already been accomplished in large measure in Italy by the return of Giolitti to power. Woodrow Wilson and all his satellites will be cast into deserved oblivion in November. Millerand and Lloyd George stand fast, with doom gathering darkly about them.

(3) A new conference of the nations must be called, a new treaty written, and a true league of nations organized. This must be done not only to save mankind from ruin, but also to deliver the cause of the Allies in the Great War from everlasting dishonor.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

THE PULPIT

Force versus Ideas

A Sermon by Leonard A. Parr, Minister First Congregational Church, Eau Claire, Wisconsin

"Thou comest unto me with a sword and with a spear and with a javelin: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel." I SAM. 17:45.

The story of David and Goliath is one of those colorful, picturesque stories of the Old Testament which remain unforgettably in our memories. We learned this story when we were children in the Sunday School and our children have heard it and learned it. And for us all it remains fresh and vivid.

The main features excite our interest. There is the giant of the Philistines whose presence fills the army of Israel with terror and panic. Then comes on to the scene the fresh-faced shepherd lad, with a dauntless spirit and a perfect faith in God. Secure in that courage and serene in that faith he dares to take up the cause of Israel and goes out, simply clad and simply armed, to meet the giant in his ponderous armor. It is not surprising that Goliath should meet David with derisive laughter and curses. But the giant had met his fate. That white pebble from the brook, backed by a clear eye and a perfect faith in God, did its work, and the giant of the Philistines lay prostrate in death upon the field. "So David prevailed over the Philistine and smote him and slew him; but *there was no sword in the hand of David.*" Why that last striking sentence? "That all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel and that all this assembly may know that the Lord saveth not with the sword and spear."

Out of this ancient story we gather certain truths which hold good for all time. Study the two figures. One clad in mailed armor, with a sword and spear and javelin—all the symbols of physical might and force. The other figure has none of these things. Beyond his simple garment and sling all that he had was a calm faith in God, that God who saveth not with the sword and spear. The one fights with Force, the other with great Ideas. But the idea triumphed over force, for as David prevailed over the Philistine "there was no sword in his hand."

THE FUTILITY OF FORCE

I. The Defeat of Goliath therefore, is one of history's earliest demonstrations of the futility of force. There have been many lessons which the mind of man has been slow to learn, and surely this has been one of them: that force is a futile thing; that instead of being a mighty and powerful element it is something which has weakness at its very heart. Not seeing this, men have believed in force, have worshipped it and used it. And out of their ignorance have come some of the direst human fallacies and some of the bloodiest human tragedies.

Why is it that men have been given to the apotheosis of force? Probably and naturally, because in his earliest contacts with life man was made to feel that arrayed against him were elements and forces which, if he was to live, required on his part the exercises of greater forces. Look at primitive man. All Nature seemed in league against him. The summer suns scorched him; the storms rent him; the winter snows froze and starved him; the beasts of the forest preyed upon him; other men lay in wait to slay him. He must, therefore, meet force with force. He must match the heat and cold and storm with a superior physical endurance. He must fight the wild beasts with a greater strength. He must protect himself against other men with a stronger arm, a heavier spear, a swifter blade. No spiritual postures would prevail over primitive brute force. The oncoming savage would not be subdued with fine phrases about the brotherhood of man or the comity of nations! Primitive hate must be met with the bloody thrust; force must be conquered by force.

Well, all that has become part of our ancestral mind; it is part of that ancestral baggage which we all carry with us, and which too few of us have been wise enough to leave in the check room! But what was once a necessity of the primitive life becomes, as the world grows and the race develops, one of the fallacies of the higher life. Back there in the dim past, force might have been the one recourse, the one remedy, the only weapon. But here in this present it is only one of many things and has its decided limitations. The mind of man, however, has been slow to grasp this truth. Believing in the efficacy of force nations have made it their arbiter and law. Did they want to annex more territories or populations? Then they gathered together the elements of force: horses, men, guns, swords, and they went to war. For the metallic forces of war would decide. Is not that one of the oldest and most stubborn human fallacies? I am not a pacifist, but I want to say that War never settles anything! It may bring victory to one side; it may establish the hegemony of a people; it may crush into submission the vanquished—but it never settles anything. It cannot be a moral arbiter, neither can it solve moral questions. As Wordsworth long ago said,

> Who overcomes by force
> Hath overcome but half his foe.

If history teaches us one thing it is that force, as a remedy and solvent, is futile.

One of the very saddening things to me during this year has been the spectacle of this, the world's greatest democracy putting its faith in this fallacy and moral heresy of force. We have had in our midst certain people who we felt were a menace to our institutions. They preached hostile sentiments; they raised their voice against our forms of society and government. And how did the world's greatest democracy meet the menace and problem? We went back five hundred years! We used the tools of medievalism! We put the iron clamps of the law upon the lips of these people; we opened prison doors for them. And, most monumental of our apostasies, we tore husbands from wives, chartered a ship and sent them across the seas! Now I don't believe in these people; I don't even sympathize with them. But the train of incidents proves my point. We have tried to win the battle of democracy with the sword and spear.

What is Socialism? It is a social theory. What is Bolshevism? It is an anarchic attitude toward society and government. But, as we shall see in a moment, you don't win any battle for good government and democracy by force. These things with which we have to deal are ideas, opinions, beliefs. But if you throw into prison the holder of an idea, you still leave outside his idea and theory! And if you deport the agi-

tator, you still leave behind him the agitating idea! Surely, for democracy, force is a rusty weapon. Its shining weapons are justice, good laws, education and training in citizenship.

Notice also, how this fallacy of force has been manifest in the history of religion.

It has been a tragic story how men have tried to convert other men to good and bring in the kingdom of God by the compulsions of law and force. And so their familiar tools have been the rack and irons and fire and the armed powers of the State. As though it were possible to control and shape such impalpable, spiritual things as beliefs with any carnal weapons! You may compel a man to *say* he believes, but you cannot compel him to *believe!* You may force him to accept a creed or religion with his lips, but not with his heart. The rack made Galileo recant the fact that the earth moves. Nevertheless, the fact remained. You may put dynamite under a principle, but the only thing that explodes is the dynamite: the principle remains untouched. You may thrust the thirsty sword through a great ideal, but after the sword is rusty and bent you shall find the ideal living on. You may hang some truth to the cannon's mouth to blow it into nothingness, but after the smoke and noise have died away the truth will still be there, triumphant and effulgent. No, force may drive machines with its energy and blast mountains with its dynamic, but in the realm of ideas and in the realm of the spiritual, it is weak and futile. Not once but many times have the weak things of the world put to shame the things which are strong.

> Both guns and swords are strong, no doubt,
> And so are tongue and pen,
> And so are sheaves of good bank notes
> To sway the souls of men.
>
> But guns and swords and gold and thought,
> Tho' mighty in their sphere,
> Are sometimes feebler than a smile
> And poorer than a tear!

And the dead giant of Gath lying on the field of Elah, clothed in his ineffectual armor and with his useless weapons, speaks to us of the futlity of force.

THE VITALITY OF IDEAS

II. But now turn to that other figure of that shepherd youth standing over the prostrate giant whom he had prevailed against, but with no sword in his hand. The lesson of that figure is, the vitality of ideas.

Listen to him speaking to Goliath: "Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and with a javelin: but I come to thee in the name of the God of Israel." The dead giant tells us of futile force, but David demonstrates to us how vital and victorious are noble ideas. Well, all the human story is a testimony to the power and persistence of great ideas. Back of every invention there was some one idea in one man's mind which would not down though all the world derided him. Back of every discovery was some idea which drove the explorer on and on despite discouragement, hardship and peril. Back of every notable period of human progress there has been some idea which has lived on amid persecution and fire. The Abolition Movement, the Prohibition Movement, the Child Welfare Movement, the struggle for humaner standards in labor and purer codes in social life; the struggle for the franchise for both men and women: in each of these there was a central idea which became a living faith persisting through the years.

And how the vitality of those ideas has been tested. Putting their faith in force men have tried to fight the idea with force. They have piled about it the faggot fires; they have tried to freeze it with the cold of scorn and indifference. They have tried to break it with derision; to destroy it with the sword. But all in vain. After force has spent itself like ineffectual waves against the rock, the idea has risen triumphant and invincible.

In the life of Religion this has been pre-eminently true. Religion is made up of certain great ideas. Men have believed in God and Christ; in Righteousness and Immortality; in the worth and need of the kingdom of God in the hearts of men. And all the hostility of Sin, the hate of Evil, the machinations of Wrong have tried to destroy those ideas. Most moving are the scenes of history which depict this. Here for example is that lone monk before the Diet at Worms: alone before the assembled power and might of the Roman Church, but holding to his one idea: the Just shall live by Faith. See how the storm breaks upon him! The power of the empire was arrayed against him, the might of armies was used to destroy that idea. But it lived on with the persistence and vitality of life. And the fruit of it and the splendor of it are to be seen today in that Protestant faith which we hold.

Or take another moving scene, the subject of world commemoration in this year. A little body of men holding to the Pilgrim idea, of freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. How that too was opposed. The forces of the State were against it. The influence of the Church was against it. Very Nature seemed against it. For the wild Atlantic sought to engulf it and the rigors and perils of this new land ravaged it. But see how it lives on! Out of that great idea there has come this mighty Commonwealth, this marvellous civilization, this imperial nation with its cities and schools and churches and its one hundred million people.

Vital indeed are the faiths of men, the faiths which come out of creative and dynamic ideas. And when the rocks have crumbled into dust, and when the ocean beds are as dry land, and when all the pomp and pageantry of empires have passed away, those ideas of God and Christ and Righteousness shall still live on with the freshness and the springing vitality of eternal youth. This is the message of that victorious shepherd lad standing above that dead giant, with no sword in his hand, but with God's faith in his heart. Then take to heart that lesson. We are living in the Iron Age, when metallic forces seem to reign on every hand. Everywhere we see power and energy, conquering waves, driving ships and trains and the myriad wheels of industry. But while all these elements of power are to be used, they are not to be worshipped! For they all shall rot and rust and waste with the erosions of Time. But the great ideas of your minds, the noble ideals of your souls, your hearts' faith in better and godlier things—these shall live on when all else has passed away.

There lies in this ancient story therefore the shining fact of the sureness of the victory of the things of the spirit over the things of this world. Also there is given to us in these simple words the methods and means by which those spiritual conquests are to be

achieved. Into the battle Goliath brought his sword and armor, and into that battle David brings his Faith. To a great task the son of Jesse brings simple means. Against the giant's weapons he brings his sling and pebble. Against the giant's mighty strength he brings his simple trust in God. But the pebble conquers the sword and brute strength falls before simple trust, for the Lord of the armies of Israel winneth not his battles with the sword and spear.

Well, how shall we too win in the fight against the Philistian hosts? By tremendous organization, by the agencies of the world, by things of iron and steel and flesh and blood? Nay, but by simpler means and methods.

A cause like ours is holy,
And useth holy things.
And over the storm of a righteous strife
There shineth the angels' wings.

The weapons of our God are not forged in the armories of this world. They are forged out of the fidelities and dedications of his servants. By the simplicities of faith, the loyalties to duty, and the nobilities of love shall the victory come and the long, long battle for God and humanity be won.

ON GROWING OLD.

Be with me Beauty for the fire is dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for roving,
Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift flying
Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.

I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves; minute by minute
The clock ticks to my heart; a withered wire
Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.

I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander,
Your cornland, nor your hill-land nor your valleys,
Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where the young knight the broken squadron rallies.

Only stay quiet while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

Beauty, have pity, for the strong have power
The rich their wealth, the beautiful their grace
Summer of man its sunlight and its flower
Spring time of man all April in a face.

Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
Where the mob thrusts or loiters or is loud
The beggar with the saucer in his hand
Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,

So, from this glittering world with all its fashion
Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and passion,
Bread to the soul, rain where the summers parch.

Give me but these, and though the darkness close
Even the night will blosson as the rose.

—*John Masefield.*

The presence of people who refuse to enter in the great handicap race for sixpenny pieces, is at once an insult and a disenchantment for those who do. . . . Alexander is touched in a very delicate place by the disregard of Diogenes.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

A Book a Week

MARY BADOLLET POWELL MEMORIAL

JOHN REDMOND'S LAST YEARS. By Stephen Gwynn. Longmans, Green and Company, New York and London.

John Redmond is one of the most tragic figures in modern history, and his story "points a moral" for every thinking man and woman alive. For Redmond represents what are called "sober second thoughts," that is: the middle ground, the Centrist position, constitutionalism, reform, parliamentarianism; indeed he personifies liberal-conservatism in the social and political sense, and his work, life and death are a commentary on political action, moderatism and compromise in general.

Redmond's life was devoted to the cause of freedom for Ireland,—but that freedom within the British Empire; he wished Erin to be free in the sense that South Africa, Canada and Australia are free. He believed in the Irish people,—providing they followed wise and cautious leaders and held their romantic nature in check. He made the mistake of trying to serve two masters,—his own homeland and the land of those who subjected and conquered his native sod. He struggled against terrific odds and fought his battle in the capital of the master nation; he worked tirelessly, unselfishly, endured bitter poverty, suffered abuse of every kind, went courageously along the whole pathway of his life and died a martyr's death, defeated, rejected, broken and thrown aside, insulted by the British he had tried to aid and by the Irish he had hoped to befriend. He stood between Reaction on the one hand and Revolution on the other, and the arrows of both parties struck him down. Such an end was inevitable, considering the passion of the time, with war rampant and nationalism in full flower.

If the truth is told of Redmond many hard things must be said, for his mistakes were deliberate, tragic and costly; but the man's character was rich in wondrous good and humane qualities, and these, too, must be cited. It will bear repetition that he really loved Ireland devotedly and sought to serve her people. It is no less fine in him that he loved England, too. For forty years or more he was a living tie between the two countries, and the sad thing is that so little use was made of that bond. Ireland has had few truer, if mistaken, friends; and no Irishman ever served England and the Empire better than he.

This story of the last years of Redmond's life is the work of one who knew him well, one who followed him bravely and without serious question, one who went with him to Westminster and—at his request—to the trenches in France. Probably no one living could write of Redmond with greater knowledge of his subject than Stephen Gwynn. The book breathes the spirit of thorough understanding, appreciation and affection; but Gwynn is no mere sycophant, and the truth is to him a very sacred thing. He sees, for example, that the day for writing a complete biography of the dead leader has not yet dawned, that time must be allowed to heal the burning wounds resulting from Redmond's policy; therefore he does not attempt an impossible task, but sensibly contents himself with what, in the end, will be only a final chapter. He has produced this work as a first step toward the larger purpose, and he has done exceedingly well.

The first part of the volume is devoted to a brief but probably adequate review of the first fifty years

of Redmond's career. This background furnished, he patiently recites the details of the parliamentary struggle surrounding the Home Rule bill of 1912, and we learn the philosophy of the constitutionalists' program and are shown how and why their victory was an empty prize, save inasmuch as it demonstrated the uselessness and wastefulness of political action in such a cause: a subject people can never *vote* itself free in the legislature of its conqueror; conquest is a matter of violence and warfare, and revolution is the concomitant, unless, as Redmond vainly hoped, the victor can be *persuaded* to voluntarily relinquish his spoils. In an age, like the present, when force is at a premium men will listen to no argument unsupported by power; and power is the synonym for club, sword and musket. This is the tragedy of social pacifism, as we have learned in bitter anguish since August, 1914.

The Home Rule bill passed, the Great Slaughter swept over Europe; and England decided not to trust Ireland in her emergency. This great mistake moved Redmond to the depths; and his answer was a clarion call to Ireland to justify the Empire's confidence by sending her sons to fight once more the battles of her oppressors,—to stand by England in the day of her trial and fight at her side like a sister. And to England Redmond appealed for the immediate execution of the Home Rule law. But the sinister figure of one of the worst rascals in all the story of the Empire stood in the way; Sir Edward Carson, the charlatan leader of the Ulster Unionists, had the ear of the Prime Minister. Redmond's appeal to Ireland was heard, and Irish blood wet the soil of France in England's behalf; but his petition to Britain was ignored, and conscription threatened instead. The answer of Ireland to these insults was the rattle of rifle fire in the streets of Dublin on Easter Monday, April 24, 1916, the rise of Sinn Fein and the civil war which flourishes in Erin today.

When the English politicians cheated John Redmond they destroyed the parliamentary movement for Irish freedom, they deliberately murdered the moderate cause, and substituted the demand for complete independence for the petition for Home Rule, they *lost* Ireland. The last effort of the constitutionalists was the Irish Convention, which met July 25, 1917, and marked the end of the campaign to placate the impossible Carsonites. All of this final scene is pictured by Stephen Gwynn with what appears to be faithful accuracy and impressive tolerance. When the convention turned against him the following January, Redmond withdrew; and Sir Horace Plunkett was left to bring the meeting's work to an empty close. Parnell had been succeeded by Redmond and his banner carried on; but there was no one to follow Redmond himself when he died, March 6, 1918. Home Rule was a lost cause; Sinn Fein blazed up stronger and braver than ever.

It is almost impossible for the casual critic to do complete justice to Redmond; he is too recently dead, and his work too close to us to be judged fairly. But it seems obvious that the extremists' attitude has triumphed for the time being at least, and that Redmond's memory cannot successfully influence either party. It is, apparently, too late for the principle of Home Rule to solve the Irish problem. Reason, patience, kindliness and mutual trust have been destroyed; the struggle will be fought out to a costly end. The peaceful adjustment that Redmond hoped to bring about has been rejected by English and Irish alike.

Stephen Gwynn, in any case, has performed a service for those who love liberty wherever they may be found; he has shown that even a great man cannot afford to compromise where the fate of nations is involved; in matters of principle there is no middle ground.

Finally, let us commend without reservation the beautiful style in which this book is written; it is a joy to read and a pleasure to remember.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

SELECTED

The Five Years' War

Lincoln faced a million casualties and a five years' war rather than acknowledge the independence of the Southern States. We should do the same.—*Mr. Lloyd George to the Railwaymen.*

After the Prime Minister's speech to Mr. Thomas's deputation, the people of Great Britain have no excuse for misunderstanding the meaning or the gravity of the government's quarrel with the people of Ireland. It is no longer necessary, or indeed possible, to pretend that it is merely to protect policemen—victims of a cruel and depraved vendetta—that we ship soldiers, tanks, aeroplanes and all the munitions of modern war across the Irish Sea. These are military measures, the reply to the successful campaign of Sinn Fein. They are as much military measures as the despatch of troops to South Africa in the summer of 1899. Just as in that case the outlanders were soon forgotten in the cry of suzerainty, so the policemen are to the government an incident in the larger issue of our claim to rule Ireland. We are moving, as surely as we were moving then, to war.

And for what? Not for order or security in Ireland, not for the protection of a minority, not, we need scarcely say, for any of the purposes that seemed the only just purposes of war six years ago. We are to go to a war in which the Prime Minister is prepared to sacrifice a million lives, for the naked right to control another people. That right was never more explicitly asserted. Cleon's Athens did not put it more bluntly to the people of Melos. Neither Austria nor Russia nor Prussia affirmed it more directly in the case of their subject peoples. Within eighteen months of the armistice we have stepped into the shoes of the empires our soldiers destroyed. We use their weapons, we talk their language, we are succeeding, let us add, to their place in the esteem of the world. By methods borrowed from them, we have brought a people that had no thought five years ago of breaking from us into a demand for complete independence. Having driven them into this demand, we do not reason with them. We threaten them with the full weight of our military and naval power. If the Irish workman refuses to help us to send aeroplanes to bomb his friends, or maybe his wife and children, we reply that, if so, it is easy for us to organize an Irish famine. Indeed, the world has learned some useful lessons in the last five years. Did not Mr. Lloyd George admit last week to another deputation that we were starving the women and children of Russia? Ireland is a good deal smaller and nearer.

We cannot believe that the British people will be

so wanting in generosity or prudence as to sanction this adventure. Mr. George said that the English democracy were sending the munitions to Ireland. Where does he find this democracy? Not in the trade unions, who represent a few millions of his fellow countrymen; not in the constituencies that have had an opportunity of expressing their opinion of his government; for if their wishes were followed Mr. George would no longer be Prime Minister. Does he get his mandate from Louth? Take all the events that have led up to this crisis and where do you find the British people taking part in them? Disorder in Ireland began with Ulster. Sir Edward Carson's party set the example of importing arms from Germany and defying the civil authorities. Sir Edward Carson told his friends to keep their arms at all costs (this covers bloodshed) and boasted during the war that he would never allow those arms to be taken out of Ulster. Mr. Bonar Law said that he would support Sir Edward Carson, a Privy Councillor who declared that he was going to Ireland to break every law that he could, and did not care twopence whether he talked treason or not. Mr. Bonar Law, who now locks up young people for carrying Republican pamphlets, said last week he was coercing crime and not opinions. For what crime was Mr. O'Brien sent to Wormwood Scrubs? It was Mr. Lloyd George who tried to impose conscription on Ireland. Did he do so with any hope of raising recruits for the war—he could hardly be so stupid as to expect that—or with the desire to escape from his obligations to the Convention? It was Mr. George and not the British people who decided to rule Ireland by martial law after the peace. The British electorate were told Ireland was to have home rule. When Ireland asked for moderate measures of self-government, they denied or evaded her demand. Now that she asks for more, they threaten her. It is because they refused her self-government within the empire that she now asks for self-government outside it. For our part, we believe that demand to be so mistaken, so contrary to Irish interests, that nothing but the stupidity of our ministers could have brought Ireland to demand it. But any society would prefer the risks of independence to the sort of rule we now impose, and the only way in which to give the case for remaining within the Union a chance is to allow the Irish people to discuss and arrange their own government. That demand is either a passing mood or it represents a resolute and sober decision. If it is the first, ministers are doing everything in their power to turn it into the second. If it is the second, they are helping to make its consequences as disastrous as they can to both countries.

Mr. Lloyd George has a fantastic parallel with the issues of the Civil War in America. That parallel did duty as an argument for the conscription of Ireland —a sufficient comment on its political wisdom. As for its aptness, any child can see that it is much more dangerous to Ulster than to Ireland. Where is the resemblance between the historical relations of England and Ireland and the relations of the North and South? Was the South a subject people? Does Sinn Fein stand for slavery? American history does, as it happens, afford a really instructive parallel with our Irish policy. If Mr. George wants an analogy, he had better go to the eighteenth century. Let him study the melancholy examples of the statesmen whose obstinacy drove the American colonists from discontent into rebellion. In 1765 when we passed the Stamp Act, who wanted independence? Even in 1775, the colonists sent a respectful petition to a king who preferred to pour out the blood of Englishmen. Ireland was as ready to stay within the empire in 1886, in 1893, in 1914, as the United States in 1765. And let Mr. Lloyd George remember that the American War, which began as a struggle between England and the colonists, ended as a war in which two of the chief powers in Europe were engaged against us. Where will Mr. George's war end? What will be its effects in America? What in Australia? What in Europe? What in Asia? Will the world stand still while we reconquer our neighbors?

This deadlock with Ireland is the effect of Mr. Lloyd George's habit of playing fast and loose with men, with ministers, with policies, with principles. The end of the war yielded him a noble opportunity. He might have gone to Paris to champion the liberal ideas for which his fellow countrymen had given their lives, and made us the leaders of the liberal forces of the world. He preferred to play the keen attorney, chiefly anxious that his clients should do as well out of a shady bargain as anybody else. Consequently, when he did right the world suspected him, supposing that his usual motives led in this case to some less direct method of serving his ends. The "interests" made him demand Mesopotamia, and urge a revision of the first boundaries of Poland. Our neighbors did not like us any the more when they found we had become so rich in oil that we could spare a good deal of it for our homilies to other governments. The reactionary forces regard us as hypocritical rivals; the progressives think of us as unscrupulous profiteers. Such is the atmosphere of Europe. With the world in the most menacing state of disorder that any man can remember, our ministers proclaim that we will send a million men to death and wounds for the sake of calling Ireland our property.

Mr. Lloyd George's language is significant in a deeper sense. The war has affected different natures in different ways. Some men and women will carry a haunting sorrow to the grave, unable to forget that desolating sacrifice of life and happiness, and believing that nothing could make it bearable except an assurance that mankind had made a great advance to freedom and security. Others, unhappily, have grown used to the atmosphere of war. They have come to think of human life as so much material for the ambitions or the dilemmas of the rulers of the world. There are times when the mere custom of obedience makes men amenable to such purposes. But when mental custom is destroyed, and a spirit of revolution rises to replace it, the systems that such men administer are apt to come to a catastrophe.

The Nation.

Nothing is so dangerous to the mind of man as a false absolute. . . . But you cannot guard against a false absolute, whether it be your country, or money, or any kind of worldly success or any pleasures of the flesh except by knowing what are the true absolutes, what are those things which a man ought to desire for their own sake, which, indeed your spirit does actually desire. And, if you know this, you must wish that everyone should have freedom of the spirit.

—*A. Clutton Brock.*

News From Europe

A Franco-Belgian Alliance.

From the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*:

An official announcement of the Belgian Ministry for Foreign Affairs states that, at their meeting of Saturday last, MM. Millerand and Delacroix reached agreement on various questions, "notably on the development of economic relations, on military questions, and on the attitude to be observed in the Russo-Polish conflict." In other words, the two Premiers have clinched the negotiations for a military alliance which French and Belgian experts have been conducting for some time past. The precise terms of the compact have yet to be made public. But it is known that each party undertakes to come to the assistance of the other in case it is attacked, and that the combined force is to be under French command. The Belgian army becomes, for all practical purposes, a unit of the French army, and will have to be organized on its model. Note, in this connection, that the recognition by France of Wrangel, the White Russian leader, is reported to involve an offensive-defensive military alliance for twenty years, the Russian parties to the compact undertaking to re-establish the Russian army in its pre-war form and strength.

Quaker Ecumenical Conference.

In the London *Nation*, "A Friend" writes:—

While the world is still filled with wars and rumors of war, some twelve hundred Quaker delegates from America, all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, from India, China and Japan, South Africa and Australasia, and various countries of Europe have been gathered during August in London, at the old Quaker meeting house in Bishopsgate, to consider the meaning and application of peace, in the light of the Quaker ideal, and its implication in social, civic, and international relationships. It is the first ecumenical conference held by the Society of Friends, and by the limits of space it was confined to delegates, the proceedings being conducted without vote or show of hands, according to the old Quaker way, the chairman summing up from time to time "the sense of the meeting" in minutes, which were submitted to the conference, and, sometimes after amendment, adopted by general consent. In this way discussions on the fundamental religious basis of the Christian ideal of peace as conceived by the Quakers, on its bearing on the duty of the citizen, on racial problems, on education, and on economic and social life were summarized in a far-reaching way. If the primary result of the conference is an appeal to members of the Society of Friends throughout the world to realize more fully the ideals of Fox and Woolman, and their interpretation through life, it will, doubtless, have a much wider ultimate effect. The proceedings of the conference are to be published, and will be read with interest by a large number. If it should issue a message to members of the Society of Friends and others, it is possible that it may find a response in many quarters where sermons and encyclicals are neither read nor welcomed.

Independence of Egypt.

From the London *Nation* we learn:

The Egyptian settlement promises to be one of those events upon which both the Government and the country can justly pride itself. The Milner Mission and the Egyptian delegation have found it possible to arrive at agreement upon certain fundamental points, the most important of which are that Great Britain shall recognize the independence of Egypt and withdraw the army of occupation, except for a small garrison to be maintained in the Canal zone. The Capitulations are to be abolished, Egypt is to control her own foreign policy, and to have her own diplomatic representatives abroad, while there are to be no more British "advisers" in the Egyptian Ministries. The final agreement will be negotiated between representatives of the British and Egyptian Governments, and will be embodied in a treaty between Egypt and this country. Six months ago no one could have believed that the Government would have dealt with the Egyptian problem with such wisdom and generosity, for this act must rank with Campbell-Bannerman's treatment of the Boers as among the few fair and generous actions of Imperialist Powers. Yet the whole thing reveals the amazing inconsistency of our present policy. If we withdraw from and recognize the independence of Egypt, which has been called strategically the spinal column of the British Empire, how can be possibly defend our policy in Ireland and Mesopotamia?

* * *

The truth about Mesopotamia is only gradually being revealed to the public and possibly even to the Cabinet. The whole country from Samawa in the south to Mosul in the north, and from Ramadie in the west to the eastern frontier, is up in arms against us. The British garrison in Kufa which was invested early in July is still invested by 2,000 Arabs. Kufa is only 60 miles from Bagdad, and when a British force can be cut off at that distance from the headquarters of the British administration for six weeks, it means that the whole country must be in open revolt. According to Article 22 of the Covenant the wishes of the Arabs of Mesopotamia are "to be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory" for Mesopotamia, and we are maintaining an army of some 100,000, spending fifty millions and slaughtering 10,000 of the inhabitants in order to induce the survivors to select us as their Mandatory. Our efforts have proved unsuccessful owing to the fact, as Colonel Lawrence has stated, that our administration is "bloody and inefficient." That administration is now engaged in hanging "rebels" in Bagdad. The solution of this problem would have been easy six months ago; it now presents considerable difficulty. There is no excuse for our occupation of Mesopotamia, and we shall now have to clear out of it "bag and baggage." The difficulty will be, after what has happened, to convince the Arabs of our good faith, for somehow or other we must arrange for the withdrawal of our forces and the establishment of an Arab administration. The best news is that Mr. St. John Philby is leaving almost immediately with Sir Percy Cox, and that apparently they have been given wide powers in order to effect a settlement. Mr. Philby is not only known and trusted by the Arabs, but he knows and understands our international obligations under the Covenant and treaties.

Einstein to Leave Germany.

From the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*:

One of the ugliest manifestations of German Nationalism has been the attempt to discredit Professor Einstein because he is a Jew. An obscure Society called the "Working Union of German Scientific Research" is giving a series of evening lectures that are meant to refute the theory of relativity. Einstein and his daughter were present on the first evening. If they expected to hear serious criticism they must have been disappointed, for the lecturer (an alleged scientist of whom no one had ever heard before), after trying to belittle Einstein's achievement, called attention of the audience to anti-Semitic books and pamphlets that were for sale in the lecture hall. However, there were worse things than this. The anti-Semitic symbol, the swastika worked in metal, was also for sale, and many of the audience wore it in ties or buttonholes.

The climax came when the meeting broke up. As Einstein and his daughter left the room a student said, so that all could hear, "He's a Jew. He ought to have his throat cut."

As a matter of fact, Professor Einstein is not only a Jew, but something as well that is equally heinous in the eyes of German students—he is an International Pacifist. In September, 1914, when ninety-three German savants signed the famous patriotic manifesto, Einstein and Nicolai drew up a rival appeal asking "all good Europeans" to do everything in their power to bring about a peace of reconciliation. Einstein has now grown tired of the ceaseless attacks that have been making his life unpleasant here, and to the eternal disgrace of Germany he has decided to leave Berlin University and go abroad.

Coercion Act for Ireland.

From the London *Nation*:

No Government has ever passed a Coercion Act for Ireland so unlimited in its scope as the measure that is now to be applied. No Government ever passed any Coercion Act against such overwhelming opposition. Last Tuesday a Conference of moderate Irishmen was held in Dublin to demand Dominion Home Rule, and the proceedings opened with a message to the Government demanding the release of the Lord Mayor of Cork, and closed with a resolution condemning the Government's policy of repression. The Conference included, in addition to prominent Unionists from the south of Ireland like Lord Monteagale, Mr. Hanne-Fingall, leading Ulster Unionists like Lord Shaftesbury, Liberals like Lord MacDonnell, Home Rulers like Sir Thomas Esmonde, Captain Stephen Gwynne, and Captain Henry Harrison. Catholic

and Protestant clergy, Unionist and Home Rule landowners, and men of business united in this protest. Perhaps the best description of the Government's policy was given by the O'Conor Don. "We tell Mr. Lloyd George that we will not have his bayonet control. If the Government go on much longer in the way they are going now, every one of us before long will be damned Republicans."

* * *

Is that the object of the Government? It looks uncommonly like it. Nobody can pretend that this wholesale confiscation of the liberties of a people is directed to the suppression of murder and violence. What do Englishmen think of a *régime* under which any Irishman may be hauled before a court martial for an act which was not illegal at the time it was committed, but is now made an illegal act by regulation? Another regulation lays down that if a document is found in a house in which I have resided, at any time in the past, I am to be treated as if that document were found in my possession. Another regulation says that if a person refuses to give evidence which a Court believes him to possess, he may be court martialled and sent to prison. A court martial may hold its trials in secret. Another regulation makes it an offense to act with a view to promoting the objects of an unlawful conviction. The regulation throws its net over the great majority of the public bodies in Ireland, and it makes it an offense to teach the Irish language under the auspices of the Gaelic League. The competent naval or military authority can blockade any part of Ireland at its pleasure. Any Irishman who refuses to assist in such a blockade commits an offense against these regulations. Such are some of the regulations by which we "restore order" in Ireland.

The Land Question.

From the London *Nation*.

What is the most important thing that has happened to English society since the war? My readers will never guess, for no Department of Government has told them a single word about it. It is that English land is changing hands to such an extent that it is fair to say that in the rural districts landlordism is being rapidly displaced by a system of occupying ownership. The State has had nothing to do with this revolutionary change. It is merely a matter of private purchase. Its first economic effects are already apparent in the seeming prosperity of the new holders. A general resort to the motor car is one superficial sign of the rise of the rural freeholder. But already there are shadows in the sky. The prices paid for the land have been high, and it is yet to be seen whether the new owners can sustain the charges for improvements which, under the old system, lay on the backs of a class now slipping away into privacy and inutility. In other words, what is the guarantee that, under the new culture, the productivity of English land will be kept up? This is a problem of British politics which may soon overshadow every other.

Terence MacSwiney.

(By an Irish Correspondent.)

From the *Manchester Guardian*:

In these days, when Terence MacSwiney is lingering on, we have been haunted by the feeling of impending doom, as when in the Irish fields the blight foretold the famine. We feel that Irish history will here absorb its passion story, its text for ballad and epic and, alas! for gunman. In the early days when he wrote his poems and plays he did not dream that he would achieve his masterpiece on a mattress grave. Yet in the long continued poem which he published as a boy there is no sentiment unworthy of his end. It bears the omens of death for Ireland:

> Thou wilt be dead tomorrow.—Nay, tomorrow
> The land will be awake. What recks it then
> Who will be dead, or I or anyone
> Amongst us who must fall? The land will live.
>
> * * *
>
> 'Twere sweet to sink in Death for Truth and
> Freedom!
> Yes, who could hesitate, for who could bear
> The living degradation we must know
> If we do dread death for a sacred cause?

The Celtic Literary Society, where he first mixed with his fellows for a common purpose, was built upon the national sentiment expounded by Thomas Davis, with something of the harsh militarism of John Mitchel thrown in. They read the "Jail Journal" and the "Last Conquest (Perhaps?)." They sang "The Felons of our Land." They were great foes of municipal corruption and of party politicians. Their aim was for an "Irish Ireland." They wore Irish homespun, and indeed they brought into being the Irish Industrial Development Association, for fostering native industries. They had also a hurling club, though hard put to it to fill in the team. Excitement glowed one night when the old Fenian O'Donovan Rossa climbed to the top floor and sat amongst them on the timber form to hear the manuscript journal read.

No doubt there was much illusion in what they said and did, and few of them persevered in MacSwiney's way. He graduated in arts at the old Royal University by private study. He taught himself the Irish language, and he spent his holidays at the summer school in Ballingeary. In that district Gaelic was the language of the home, and the students practiced on the old peasants in the houses where they lodged. At night they all gathered in the little schoolhouse of corrugated iron, and one could see MacSwiney smile as the old shanachie told stories of Dean Swift's visit to Inchigeela. What the peasants thought of that earnest student striving to shed his book-learning and to catch their tone one never knew. But in the allotment of safe constituencies he was to become their member and rally them in Irish.

He strove to be thorough in all he did. When he was writing for the Cork Players he read Molière and Synge, and from Shaw he took the habit of long stage directions. He had even studied make-up and the disposition of light. The books he was always lending were scored all over with pencil marks, mostly where there were hints for workmanship. He got the "clash of wills in action" into all his plays—perhaps with too much vengeance, for the hero was always a disguised MacSwiney striving against the forces of evil for the noble and the right.

As to his later political career he had the theory before Sir E. Carson, but in methods he was the posterity of the Ulster Volunteers. In a letter to the writer from Frongoch prison in July, 1916, he said:

"Taking your last question first—not much chance of literary work so far, though the thoughts certainly are not wanting, but the scope for execution is, as you may judge, very limited. However, it is my desire—and out of such desires there is sometimes fruit. Let us hope for it." He refers to that "always alluring field," and concludes: "Indeed, in all truth I feel that when my body is laid to rest at night my spirit for the time, not charged with its keeping, must often take a flight over the fair hills of holy Ireland."

His pale face was full of character. An expression of spiritual brooding and trouble seemed native there. The eyes seemed fixed on the distance of his dreams. The lips were gentle and sensitive—he often smiled, though not for long. The voice was low and pleading, its more urbane quality kept for "foreign" subjects. The black hair was a revolutionary mass. He was a good companion and very dear to his friends.

If one might appeal for an appropriate ending, one might find it in that dove's feather of his youth. He begs the thinking few "in the maddened virtue of their souls not to throw reason down":

> God keep them calm to knit all forces now
> Lest horrors deeper far than death may yawn
> To swallow up our last and dearest hope:
> If we do lose restraint we unloose passions
> That will play havoc with us.

There is an Irish legend that one of their wanderers arrived on Calvary when three figures were hanging. He rushed forward angrily, because he thought One with a face so gentle should not die. But as he drew his sword a drop of blood fell upon him. And vengeance died in his heart.

H. S. N.

Art was not born in the palace; rather she fell sick there, and it will take more bracing air than that of rich men's houses to heal her again. If she is ever to be strong enough to help mankind once more, she must gather strength in simple places; the refuge from wind and weather to which the good man comes home from field or hillside; the well-tidied space into which the craftsman draws from the litter of loom, and smithy, and bench; the scholar's island in the sea of books; the artist's clearing in the canvas-grove—it is from these places that Art must come.

—*William Morris.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

LECTURES BY FREDERICK STARR.

Frederick Starr spent the month of September in Mexico in order to study the situation and conditions under the new government. Returning to Chicago on October 4, he resumed work with his classes at the University on the 5th. He plans to leave for Japan at Christmas time to continue his investigations in that country. He is listed for many outside lectures and addresses before he leaves. His dates in Chicago and the immediate vicinity are as follows:

Nov. 6, 13, 20, 27. Political Equality League, Congress Hotel.

Nov. 14, 21, 28, Dec. 5, 12, 19. Workers' University, Garrick Theatre.

Dec. 10. Swedish Study Union, I. O. G. T. Hall, 1041 Newport Ave.

Dec. 13. Twentieth Century Club, Oak Park.

THE COMMUNITY FORUM.

One of the striking features of the year book of the Community Church of New York, which has just come from the press, is the record of the activities of the Sunday evening forum for the period beginning October 5, 1919, and ending April 25, 1920. The forum idea, historically justified centuries ago, continues to prove its great social usefulness. Thousands of people attended the thirty meetings, the average attendance being 613 as against 560 the previous season. The most noteworthy feature of this report, however, is not the number of men and women reached, but rather the remarkably fine program. Among the speakers were Holford Knight, Gibert Cannan, F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, S. K. Ratcliffe and Langdon Davies, representing the modern school of English liberal and radical thought; Allan McCurdy, Hamilton Holt, Frank A. Vanderlip, Glenn C. Plumb, Walter Lippman, Norman Hapgood, Frank P. Walsh, John Haynes Holmes, Francis Neilson and Harold J. Laski, all American publicists of the highest standing; Wilfred Humphries and Gregory Zilborg, who spoke of the Russian revolution, Dr. Gilbert Reid, who spoke of modern China, and James G. MacDonald, who spoke of our relations with Mexico. Three women lectured before the forum—Alice Riggs Hunt, Mrs. Carleton Parker and Helen van Brugh de Kay. Perhaps the most effective address of the whole season, from a human-nature standpoint, was that given by J. T. Doran, representing the I. W. W., who told about labor struggles in the Northwest, speaking in a homely, natural manner and reaching straight to the heart of his audience. It is, generally speaking, a long road that leads from Mr. Vanderlip to Mr. Doran, but in the field of the public forum no road is very long. If the addresses given on Sunday evenings under the auspices of the Community Church could be collected and annotated they

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STUDENTS' CONVENTION AT SANTIAGO.

La Presna of Buenos Aires carries an account of recent disorders which occurred in Chile on the occasion of the anti-Chilean revolution in Bolivia. At the time of this serious international disturbance in South America, a Students' Convention was being held in Santiago, Chile, over which the rector of the State University was presiding. Among resolutions adopted by this convention were the following:

(1) Whereas it is an accepted principle that the interests of the individual should be subordinated to those of the family, and those of the family to the country, and those of the country to humanity; and whereas patriotism is a noble sentiment demanding the sacrifice of individual interests to the community; and

(2) Whereas existing international conflicts are due to the present political organization of our governments, which are founded upon a capitalist regime; and whereas it will be difficult to attain universal peace until the implements and materials of production have been socialized and organized upon an international basis; therefore this convention declares:

First, that whenever international conflicts arise, the interests of the fatherland, the family, or the individual should be subordinated to the supreme interests of humanity;

Second, that we condemn in general all wars conducted against the interests of humanity and of individual peoples;

Third, that we will work to attain as an ideal, the complete and simultaneous abolition of armaments by every country.

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